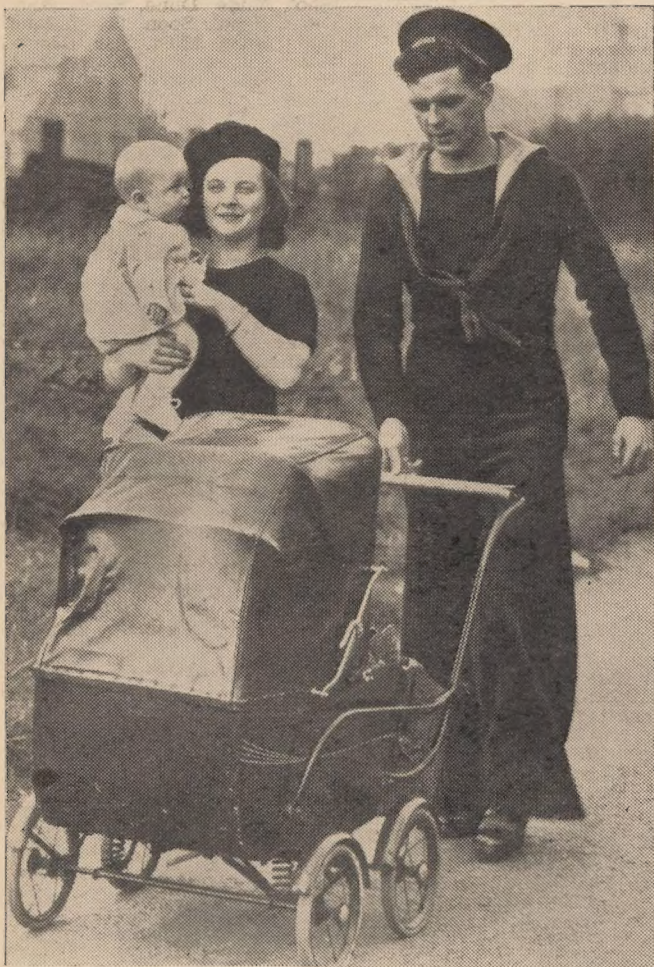


Remember This? A.B. Ronnie Rutherford



REMEMBER the Sunday afternoon when you were roaming along the grass-lined Roman Avenue, in Wallsend-on-Tyne, Ronnie?

Yes, of course you do; you were conveying the perambulator alongside your wife

and nine-month-old son, Ronnie... named after you. It was just after you had started out that the "Good Morning" photographer saw you taking the air.

Bet you had a good tea when you got home to Grace Street, Byker. Remember?

Think These Over To-day

When a dog bites a man, that is not news, but when a man bites a dog, that is news.

Charles Anderson Dana (1819-1897).

Babylon in all its desolation is a sight not so awful as that of the human mind in ruins.

Scrope Davies (1783-1852).

Youth, what a man's age is like to be doth show; We may our ends by our beginnings know.

John Denham (1615-1669).

It's my old girl that advises. She has the head. But I never own to it before her. Discipline must be maintained.

Charles Dickens's "Bleak House."

Subdue your appetites, my dears, and you've conquered human nature.

Charles Dickens's "Nicholas Nickleby."

For, Heaven be thank'd, we live in such an age, When no man dies for love, but on the stage.

John Dryden (1631-1701).

HE WAS THE GAMEST FIGHTER

THE GOLDEN AGE OF BOXING
By W. H. MILLIER

I HAD intended to write about George Cook when the time came to fit him into the scheme, but I did not think it would take the form of an obituary notice.

Cook has gone to his happy hunting grounds, and the world has lost another brave and cheery chunk of humanity. He joined up as a fireman on the outbreak of hostilities, and will be included in the roll of honour of the National Fire Service.

Cook's district was Thames Ditton and Esher. It was the first piece of England he knew when he came here from Australia in 1921. I was able to secure him his first contest in this country. It took place at the National Sporting Club, and he was one of the few visiting boxers who did not have to wait long before getting fixed up.

In fact, Cook was sent for by Charlie Lucas, the manager of many leading Australian boxers, who had stayed on in London after being demobilised at the end of the last war.

LUCKY FOR COOK.

Lucas had heard good reports of Cook, and decided that he would be able to earn some money here. When he told me he had arranged for Cook to sail, I spoke to Mr. Bettinson about him, and Peggy offered to give him his first contest here. Thus Cook was able to get to work right away.

Quarters were arranged for him at the Vaudeville Club, Thames Ditton, and it is strange that after wandering nearly all over the globe he should again settle there almost twenty years later, and, worse luck, receive his final knock-out.

Cook will not go down in fight history as one of the great champions, but a more honest fighter, or a gamier one, for that matter, never lived. Of all the professional boxers I have known intimately, there was none more likeable than George Cook.

He did not set the Thames on fire when he first came here. On the contrary, his first here.

He never quite succeeded, but it must be said that he never gave up trying.

The trouble was that he had never been taught to box. He came from the back blocks of New South Wales, and in his youth never saw any boxer of real ability, so that he could not know the correct stance to start off with, and as for training for boxing, he had never known much about that.

As a consequence, he allowed himself to become muscle-bound, and this is about the worst thing that can happen to anyone who aspires to become a really first-class boxer.

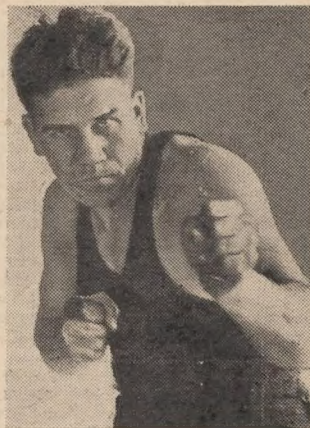
CAVE-MAN STUFF.

There was no doubt about his strength. His was the strength we associate with the cave man, and he would have made a more successful wrestler than a boxer. In fact, he was built more on the lines suited to wrestling.

He was a trifle too short for a heavy-weight, which would not have mattered much if he had possessed a knock-out punch, but if a heavy-weight lacks a real punch he must have height and reach, plus extraordinary boxing skill, to make up for the deficiency.

Cook lacked all these attributes, and yet he succeeded in getting contests with nearly all the top-notchers of his day; and this was because he was an honest fighter and always gave of his best in the ring.

In Cook's day there were a number of big, tough, lumbering fighters, of whom most of the heavies fought shy, but Cook took them all on. He



never fought shy of anyone on two legs.

A former British heavy-weight champion, Frank Goddard, was a lumbering giant, somewhat slow in movement, but possessing a sledgehammer punch and a jaw of granite. Cook gained a decision over Goddard in his second fight here, and fought a terrific battle for fifteen rounds.

It was after this hard battle that I was able to secure him his match with Carpentier.

This was in 1922, after the Frenchman had picked up a tidy fortune by knocking out all our heavy-weights in a round or two. Major Wilson,

over this, because just previously I had discovered Carpentier's secret, which was simplicity itself.

The Frenchman's punch was a certain knock-out, and he found the way to deliver it with the minimum of trouble to himself.

This was the procedure: Carpentier would adopt his stance to be just out of striking distance of his opponent. He would lean forward and draw his rival's lead. He usually did this by feinting with his left and swaying his body at the same time. As his opponent aimed a punch, which, of course, fell short, Carpentier would leap in with his lightning-like right to the jaw, and the fight would be over.

To return to Cook. His manager, Charlie Lucas, had a score to wipe off.

The French party had cheated him over a contest in Paris some time previously, and nothing would give him more pleasure than to assist in the defeat of Carpentier, if that was at all possible. He knew Cook's many shortcomings in the boxing line, but he also knew that his fellow-countryman could be relied upon to follow out instructions implicitly.

Cook went into training soon after articles were signed, and he had the assistance of another Australian in Frankie Burns, the middle-weight, who was in the same stable.

When more than half-way

side, Lucas engaged Jack Goodwin to supervise Cook's training.

The great thing was to coach him in the way he should fight to defeat Carpentier's one-punch trick. The plain notion was rammed into him that, whatever happened, he must not on any account lead to the Frenchman.

He was to resist all the seemingly tempting openings, and was not to move from the centre of the ring until Carpentier had made a lead. Then he had to get inside his guard and keep there, all the time banging away with both hands.

On the night of the fight Cook carried out the instructions to the letter. As you may guess, it was not exactly a pleasing fight for the ordinary spectators, but it was very interesting to me and to the Australians.

The theory was working out well. Carpentier opened up in his usual manner, and was more inclined than ever to show that he regarded his opponent as worth about as much as a discarded dish-rag. When Cook refused to be drawn he did not like it in the least.

FIGHTING TO SCHEDULE.

The crowd was greatly puzzled. This was not the sort of thing that had been expected. Carpentier went through the motion of sparring, and when he had feinted a dozen or more times with his left and nothing happened, a few members in the gallery started tuning up.

At last the Frenchman realised that it was up to him to do something, and as he came in to shoot an ineffective left, Cook went inside his guard and started jabbing with both hands. Carpentier actually clinched, though it was Cook who was blamed for holding.

It was a tame and unlively first round for the spectators, but Cook had gone through the round unscathed, and that was something. As the second round was just a repetition the crowd began to get angry, but Cook was doing very nicely, thank you, and, what is more to the point, Carpentier was getting badly rattled.

The third was a little livelier, because Carpentier had evidently realised that Cook was performing to a fixed schedule, and for his reputation he had to do something.

Whenever Carpentier opened out, Cook slipped inside, and he actually had the Frenchman bleeding at the mouth.

When he found he could not trap Cook into leading, Carpentier began to see the red light in the fourth round. He was getting a pasting at close-quarters when he suddenly shouted to the referee, "Break him, break him."

My old friend Jack Smith, who was officiating as third man in the ring, was for once in a way taken off his balance. Instead of ordering Carpentier to keep his commands to himself, he instantly obeyed.

It was as he was holding Cook's arms to break him that the wily Frenchman, as quick as thought, smashed over his right on Cook's unprotected jaw, and as the Australian fell he landed another, just to make doubly sure.

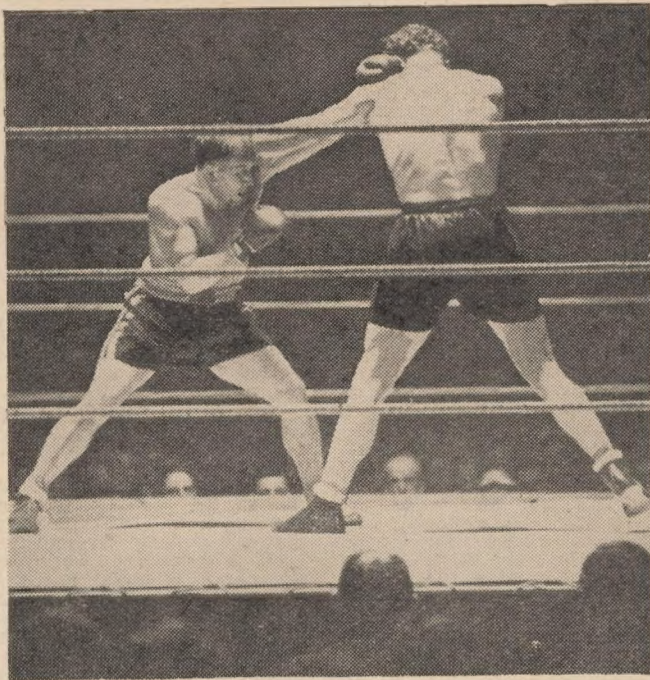
UNLUCKY COOK.

Cook took the full count, and once again the Frenchman won on his wits when all else had failed.

All the same, Cook did stay four rounds with Carpentier, and actually had him bleeding, not to say worried as he had not been for many a long day.

Many people that night were sorry to see the referee so easily tripped, but that is the luck of the fight game.

GEORGE COOK IN ACTION



A WILD YELL IN THE NIGHT

The Tale of The Body-snatcher By R. L. Stevenson

LATE one afternoon the pair set forth, well wrapped in cloaks and furnished with a formidable bottle. It rained without remission—a cold, dense, lashing rain. Now and again there blew a puff of wind, but these sheets of falling water kept it down. Bottle and all, it was a sad and silent drive as far as Penicuik, where they were to spend the evening.

They stopped once, to hide their implements of death in a thick bush, not far from the churchyard, and once again at the Fisher's Tryst, to have a toast before the kitchen fire and vary their nips of whisky with a glass of ale. When they reached their journey's end the gig was housed, the horse was fed and comforted, and the two young doctors in a private room sat down to the best dinner and the best wine the house afforded.

The lights, the fire, the beating rain upon the window, the cold, incongruous work that lay before them, added zest to their enjoyment of the meal. With every glass their cordiality increased. Soon Macfarlane handed a little pile of gold to his companion.

"A compliment," he said. "Between friends these little accommodations ought to fly like pipelights."

Fettes pocketed the money, and applauded the sentiment to the echo. "You are a philosopher," he cried. "I was an ass till I knew you. You and K. between you, by the Lord Harry! but you'll make a man of me."

"Of course we shall," applauded Macfarlane. "A man? I tell you, it required a man to back me up the other morning. There are some big, brawling forty-year-old cowards who would have turned sick at the look of the dead thing; but not you—you kept your head. I watched you."

"Well, and why not?" Fettes thus vaunted himself. It was no affair of mine. There was nothing to gain on the one side but disturbance, and on the other I could count on your gratitude, don't you see?" And he slapped his pocket till the gold pieces rang.

Macfarlane somehow felt a certain touch of alarm at these unpleasant words. He may have regretted that he had taught his young companion so successfully, but he had no time to interfere, for the other moosily continued in this boastful strain:—

"The great thing is not to be afraid. Now, between you and me, I don't want to hang—that's practical; but for all cant, Macfarlane, I was born with a contempt. Hell, God, Devil, right, wrong, sin,

crime, and all the old gallery of curiosities—they may frighten boys, but men of the world, like you and me, despise them. Here's to the memory of Gray, the man we murdered!"

It was by this time growing somewhat late. The gig, according to order, was brought round to the door with both lamps brightly shining, and the young men had to pay their bill and take the road. They announced that they were bound for Peebles, and drove in that direction till they were clear of the last houses of the town; then, extinguishing the lamps, returned upon their course, and followed a by-road toward Glencorse.

There was no sound but that of their own passage, and the incessant, strident pouring of the rain. It was pitch-dark; here and there a white gate or a white stone in the wall guided them for a short space across the night; but for the most part it was at a foot pace, and almost groping, that they picked their way through that resonant blackness to their solemn and isolated destination.

In the sunken woods that traverse the neighbourhood of the burying-ground the last glimmer failed them, and it became necessary to kindle a match and reillumine one of the lanterns of the gig. Thus, under the dripping trees, and environed by huge and moving shadows, they reached the scene of their unhallowed labours.

They were both experienced in such affairs, and powerful with the spade; and they had scarce been twenty minutes at their task before they were rewarded by a dull rattle on the coffin lid. At the same moment Macfarlane, having hurt his hand upon a stone, flung it carelessly above his head. The grave in which they now stood almost to the shoulders, was close to the edge of the plateau of the graveyard; and the gig lamp had been propped, the better to illuminate their labours, against a tree, and on the immediate verge of the steep bank descending to the stream. Chance had taken a sure aim with the stone.

Then came a clang of broken glass; night fell upon them; sounds alternately dull, and ringing announced the bounding of the lantern down the bank and its occasional collision with the trees. A stone or two, which it had dislodged in its descent, rattled behind it into the profundities of the glen; and then silence, like night, resumed its sway; and they might bend their hearing to its utmost pitch, but naught was to be heard except the rain, now marching to the wind, now steadily falling over miles of open country.

They were so nearly at an end of their abhorred task that

they judged it wisest to complete it in the dark. The coffin was exhumed and broken open, the body inserted in the dripping sack and carried between them to the gig; one mounted to keep it in its place, and the other, taking the horse by the mouth, groped along by wall and bush until they reached the wider road by the Fisher's Tryst. Here was a faint, diffused radiance, which they hailed like daylight; by that they pushed the horse to a good pace and began to rattle along merrily in the direction of the town.

They had both been wetted to the skin during their operations, and now, as the gig jumped among the deep ruts, the thing that stood propped between them fell now upon one and now upon the other. At every repetition of the horrid contact each instinctively repelled it with the greater haste; and the process, natural although it was, began to tell upon the nerves of the companions.

Macfarlane made some ill-favoured jest about the farmer's wife, but it came hollowly from his lips, and was allowed to drop in silence. Still their unnatural burden humped from side to side; and now the head would be laid, as if in confidence, upon their shoulders, and now the drenching sack-cloth would flap icily about their faces.

A creeping chill began to possess the soul of Fettes. He peered at the bundle, and it seemed somehow larger than at first. All over the countryside, and from every degree of distance, the farm dogs accompanied their passage with tragic ululations; and it grew and grew upon his mind that some unnatural miracle had been accomplished, that some nameless change had befallen the dead body, and that it was in fear of their unholy burden that the dogs were howling.

"For God's sake," said he, making a great effort to arrive at speech, "for God's sake, let's have a light!"

Seemingly Macfarlane was affected in the same direction, for though he made no reply, he stopped the horse, passed the reins to his companion, got down, and proceeded to kindle the remaining lamp. They had by that time got no farther than the cross-road down to Auchenclosny.

The rain still poured as though the deluge were returning, and it was no easy matter to make a light in such a world of wet and darkness. When at last the flickering blue flame had been transferred to the wick and began to expand and clarify, and shed a wide circle of misty brightness round the gig, it became pos-

sible for the two young men to see each other and the thing they had along with them. The rain had moulded the rough sack to the outlines of the body underneath; the head was distinct from the trunk, the shoulders plainly modelled; something at once spectral and human riveted their eyes upon the ghastly comrade of their drive.

For some time Macfarlane stood motionless, holding up the lamp. A nameless dread was swathed, like a wet sheet, about the body, and tightened the white skin upon the face of Fettes; a fear that was meaningless, a horror of what could not be, kept mounting to his brain. Another beat of the watch, and he had spoken. But his comrade forestalled him.

"That is not a woman," said Macfarlane in a hushed voice. "It was a woman when we put her in," whispered Fettes.

"Hold that lamp," said the other. "I must see her face." And as Fettes took the lamp his companion untied the fastenings of the sack and drew down the cover from the head. The light fell very clear upon the dark, well-moulded features and smooth-shaven cheeks of a too-familiar countenance, often beheld in dreams of both of these young men.

A wild yell rang up into the night; each leaped from his own side into the roadway; the lamp fell, broke, and was extinguished; and the horse, terrified by this unusual commotion, bounded and went off toward Edinburgh at a gallop, bearing along with it, sole occupant of the gig, the body of the dead and long-dissected Gray.

ODD CORNER

When Mendelssohn played the organ in St. Paul's Cathedral in September, 1837, he "detained the congregation rather longer than the vergers considered it to be in his interest to allow; and the fellow went and stopped the bellows-blower in the middle of a fine fugue of Bach's, which Mendelssohn was performing."—From "The Sunday Times," 1837.

Most mayors wear red cloaks as part of their official regalia; but not the Mayor of Sandwich, in Kent. He wears black. Long years ago, French raiders landed at Sandwich, sacked the town and murdered the Mayor. Since then his successors have always worn mourning for him.

Democracy is on trial in the world, on a more colossal scale than ever before.
Charles Fletcher Dole
(1845).

What of the bow?
The bow was made in England;
Of true wood, of yew-wood,
The wood of English bows.
Conan Doyle.

Love built on beauty, soon
as beauty, dies.
John Donne
(1571-1631).

Never take anything for granted.
Benjamin Disraeli
(1804-1881).

ALLIED PORTS

Guess the name of this ALLIED PORT from the following clues to its letters.

My first is in SIRLOIN, not in STEAK.
My second's in MACKEREL, not in HAKE.
My third is in CRUMPET, not in CAKE.
My fourth is in PARSNIPS, not SAVOY.
My fifth is in SARDINE, not SAVELOY.
My sixth is in PORRIDGE, not in TOAST.
My next is in PHEASANT, not in ROAST.
My eighth is in GRAVY, not in JUICE.
My ninth is in HAMBONE, not in GOOSE.
(Answer on Page 3)

QUIZ For today

1. A scilla is a musical instrument, a flower, a skin eruption, an Arabian dancer, a tropical snake?
2. Who wrote (a) Many Cargoes, (b) Many Inventions?
3. Which of these is an intruder, and why?—Horse, Camel, Tiger, Dog, Ass, Cat.
4. Who wrote under the name of Michael Angelo Titmarsh?
5. Who said "Hearts of oak are our men"?
6. The length of the Mersey Tunnel is 3-8 mile, 5-8 mile, 1 and 7-8 mile, 2 and 1-8 miles?
7. Which of the following are mis-spelt?—Relevant, Injurious, Panegyric, Levitate, Argify, Acerbity.
8. How high is the Eiffel Tower?
9. Who was Alan Breck?
10. Correct, "Oh, sleep, it is a tender thing, beloved from pole to pole." Who wrote it?
11. The Boxer Rebellion took place in Detroit, Mexico, N. China, Burma, Alaska?
12. Complete the phrases (a) Eat, — and —, (b) Lock, — and —.

WANGLING WORDS—146

1. Place the same two letters, in the same order, both before and after AS, to make a word.
2. Rearrange the letters of NO GOLDEN BIRD, to make a famous bridge.
3. Altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration, change: MEAT into SOUP, MAD into DOG, REAL into NEWS, HARD into LUCK.
4. How many four-letter and five-letter words can you make from PAREGORIC?

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 145

1. REconnoitre.
2. MARSEILLES.
3. BOIL, BAIL, BAIT, BANT, BANE, BAKE.
SHOT, SHOP, CHOP, COOP, COOK, CORK, CORE, CURE, CURS, CUTS, GUTS, GUNS, BONE, BOLE, BOLT, BOAT, BEAT, MEAT, MEAL, COLD, GOLD, GOAD, GOAT, BOAT, BEAT, BEAN, BRAN, CRAN, CRAB, GRAB, GRUB.
4. Mist, More, Mire, Rime, Soot, Nude, Dune, Rend, Rode, Door, Rood, Soon, Tune, Rune, Rude, Rust, Must, Mood, Doom, Room, Moor, Root, Surd, Dust, Does, Dose, Sore, etc.
Motor, Mound, Round, Sound, Store, Stone, Notes, Stood, Under, Moods, Miser, Rends, Roses, Modes, Moist, Moors, Rooms, Stern, Remit, Edits, etc.

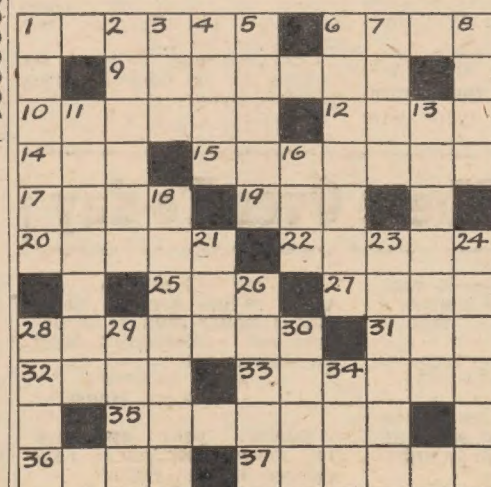
ODD CORNER

Electric batteries were discovered by accident, too, in the 17th century. Galvani, the Italian anatomist, noticed that some dead frogs suspended by a copper hook twitched when their bodies came in contact with the iron balcony. At first he thought the frogs had come to life again, but soon discovered that what had happened was that an electric current had been generated which caused their muscles to twitch.

Answers to Quiz in No. 190

1. Law term.
2. (a) Ouida, (b) Ouida.
3. Hard Cash is by Charles Reade; the others by Dickens.
4. Two; one in the Pacific, one in the Indian Ocean.
5. Shakespeare, in "The Merchant of Venice."
6. Mt. Cook, 12,349ft.
7. Installation, Malefactor.
8. About 10lb.
9. St. Valentine.
10. 26,700 feet (Choughs).
11. 25th June.
12. (a) Carry, (b) Line.

CROSSWORD CORNER



CLUES ACROSS.

- 1 Cricketer.
- 6 Complexion.
- 9 Famous place for lace.
- 10 Cold.
- 12 Dwell.
- 14 Becoming.
- 15 Committed to substitute.
- 17 Aye.
- 19 Difficulty.
- 20 Harmonise.
- 22 Drinking-vessel.
- 25 Sticky stuff.
- 27 Boy's name.
- 28 Remainder.
- 31 Boy's name.
- 32 Fragrant oil.
- 33 Taciturn.
- 35 Exists.
- 36 Planet.
- 37 Alight.

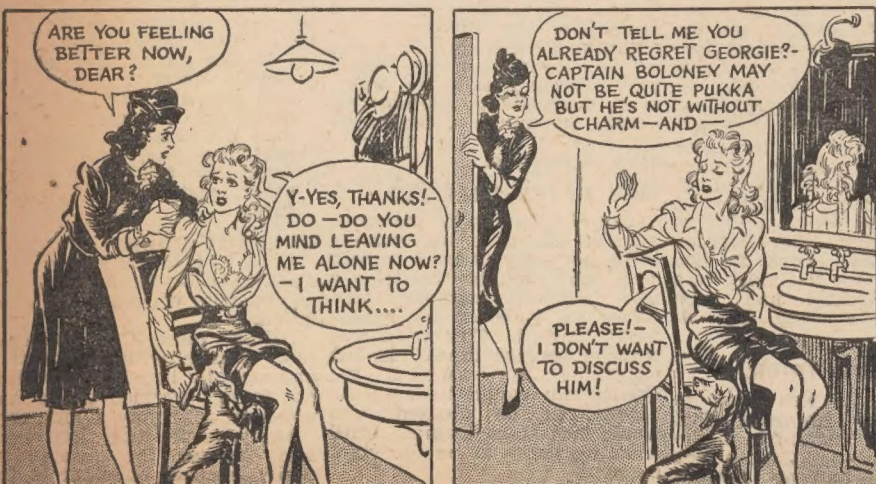
Solution to Yesterday's Puzzle.

T GOATS DON
IRAN REFUGE
FURL ATONED
FRAYED WEED
SAG LEAL Y
LESS USED
S PEER LOP
WERE MATURE
AVENGE ADIT
MILDER REST
PLY TYPES Y

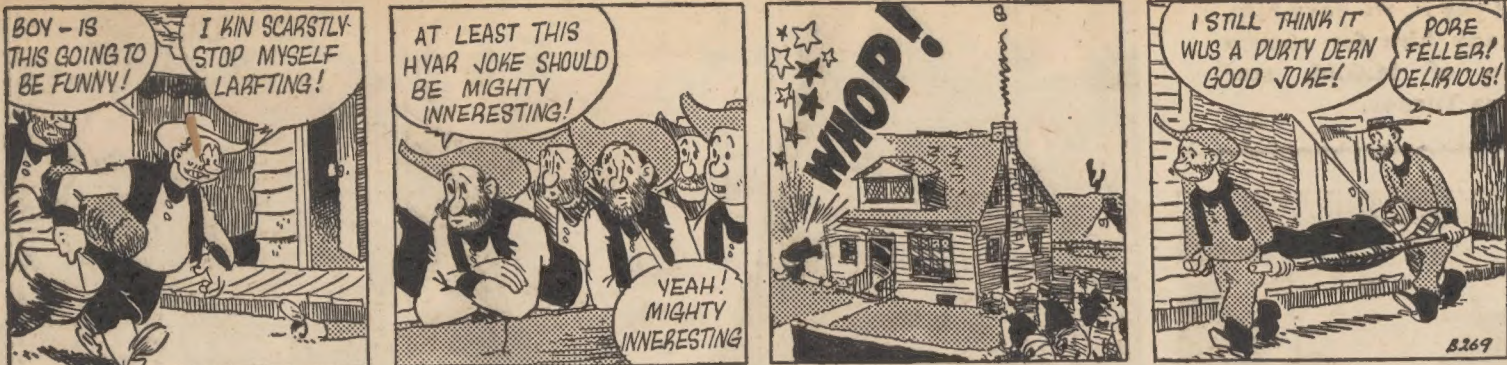
CLUES DOWN.

- 1 Blow.
- 2 Bleach.
- 3 Lump of wood.
- 4 Girl's name.
- 5 Extra clause.
- 6 Dissolvable.
- 7 Wrinkle.
- 8 Necessity.
- 11 Brook.
- 13 Piece of translation.
- 16 Dog.
- 18 Tracts of country.
- 21 Failure.
- 23 Stop.
- 24 Farm implement.
- 26 Meditates.
- 28 Space.
- 29 Keep moving.
- 30 Nearby country.
- 34 Allow.

JANE



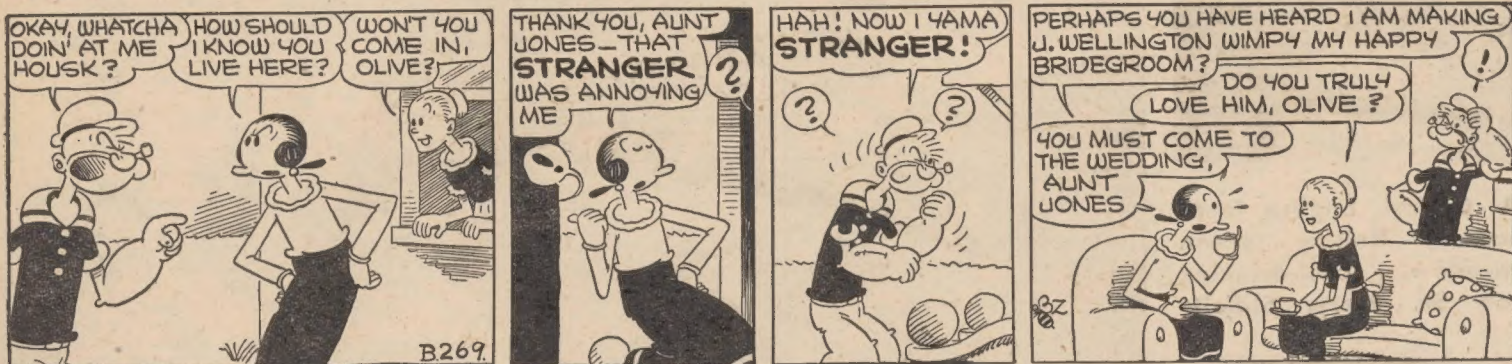
BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



POPEYE



RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



A WEEKLY SUMMARY OF NEWS FROM NOWHERE

By ODO DREW

HISTORICAL PROBLEMS SOLVED.

A QUESTION that has for long baffled historians—whether the 14th Legion was stationed in Chester (the Roman Deva) or York (Eboracum)—has been solved. Recent excavations of Roman ruins at Chester show that the Legion was definitely there at one period. An old "toiletus" in the barracks has been exposed, and it is the writings on the walls—not dissimilar to those that can be found in similar places to-day—that establish the certainty. Many of these pencilled remarks are unintelligible, and more are not fit to print. But, by the courtesy of Sir Mackintosh Macintosh, the famous archaeologist, we are enabled to quote three. The writings run: "Antonius, legio XIV, amat Cleopatra," "Suckit ansi, Nero, legio XIV," and "U aral si liasses, Pontius Pilatus, legio XIV."

A YOUTHFUL CRIMINAL.

ALTHOUGH, in this instance, we dismiss the charge against this youthful criminal under the Probation of Offenders Act, we shall, in the future, act relentlessly." With these words, the Chairman of the Pwllthgwellen Magistrates handed 10-year-old Maggie Llewellyn over to the care of the Court Missionary. She had been charged with using words likely to cause a weakening in an essential part of the war effort, namely and to wit, the gaining, winning, obtaining, or securing of coal from a certain mine.

The case, which was brought at the instance of the Ministry of Home Security, was that Maggie's father, David, was a miner. On many occasions recently she had been heard to plead with her father to remain at home, instead of proceeding to work. The actual words used, and he would call evidence to prove his case, were: "Don't go down the mine, Daddy. There's plenty of coal in the bath."

It was clear to all who knew the great affection in which the man David held his child that such a request would carry great weight. Fortunately, however, Llewellyn did not absent herself from the mine, although he was late on several occasions, missing, in each instance, a quarter.

If other children begged their fathers not to mine coal, there might be a very serious decrease in the amount available for carrying on the all-out war effort of the country.

He did not propose to call evidence as to whether or not there was, in point of fact, a sufficiency of fuel in the house. That, surely, was not a matter on which a young child could be expected to give a reasoned verdict, and the fact that she had been permitted to do so showed a lamentable lack of parental care and supervision.

The Chairman: I don't know what children are coming to nowadays.

The Clerk: Nor don't I, neither, your worship.

A voice in court: Silly old baskets.

For the defence, it was stated that the facts were not disputed. Although, under 138B, the penalty was death, it was hoped that justice would be tempered, as far as the wisdom of the court might permit, with mercy.

The chairman, after a lengthy consultation with his colleagues, said that they were gravely exercised in their minds whether or not, by a sharp sentence, even if they did not impose the ultimate penalty, they should strike fear into future offenders. They had decided—though with serious misgivings—to exercise that quality of mercy which was the prerogative of—er—

The Clerk: Impartially administered justice?

The Chairman: Ay, probably.

A voice in court: Baskets.

David Llewellyn was advised by the court to see that his child kept her trap shut in future, otherwise he might be "for it."

FAMILY LIFE.

THE Commission that has been sitting for the past four years to report on the steps that should be taken to ensure the purity of home life, as the basis of national greatness, is expected to issue shortly an interim report. It will be remembered that the Commission consists of Lord Byron (Chairman), Anne Boleyn, Dr. Crippen, Maid Marian (Mrs. Robin Hood), President Kruger, and the original "Jane." The secretary is Mr. George Allison.

Solution to Allied Ports.
IMMINGHAM.

Good Morning

All communications to be addressed to: "Good Morning,"
C/o Press Division,
Admiralty,
London, S.W.1.

WHO'S THERE?

Whoever the guy is, we envy him, but must thank him for such a surprise view of M.G.M. star Lana Turner.



This England

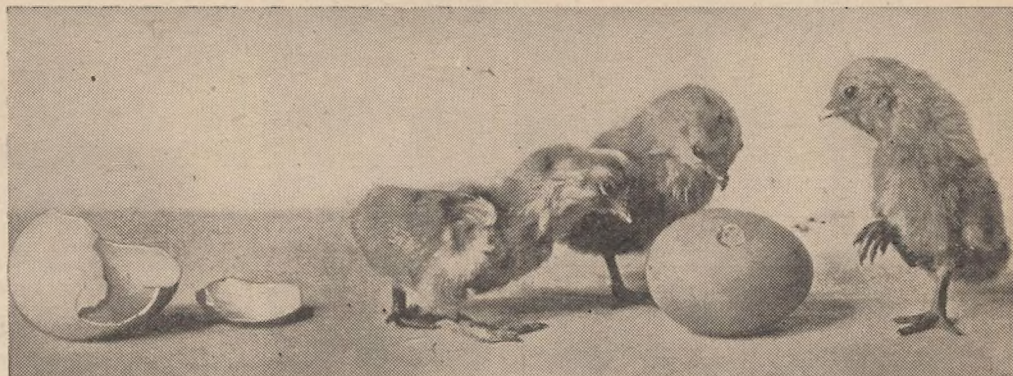
A typical English farm scene. Rolling green meadow, cool-drinking pond and cosy homestead. Holton St. Mary, Suffolk.

ON THE SCENT

You didn't ought to 'ave done it, baby, that goat means business.



"Oh, do hurry up and come out. We are crazy to see if there's going to be a man in the family."



"Well, what do you think about us? You seem to have been looking at us for a long time."

SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF

"Plotting a hatch, so to speak"

